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ABOLISH THE PRESS GAG.
Certain gentlemen connected with the circulation of the present "secret" Election Law of the State have, as a Revision Committee, very naturally reported to the State Senate in favor of retaining the press-gag provision of that law. This report, however, should hardly stand in the way of an intelligent and rational treatment of the matter by the Legislature. Such treatment would, of course, involve the prompt wiping out of the unconstitutional attempt at newspaper muzzling.

REVOLT AGAINST BOARDING-HOUSES.
Now is the heart of the Princeton boarding-mistress discomfiture, for the Princeton College have been set out to establish an eating club and carry on their own boarding-house on a large scale. The plan of the students is that they have not hitherto got their money's worth of daily bread and butter. If it be true, the landladies had long ago, in their own reckless hands, just the ounce of prevention needed for the ills now threatening them.

Wrestler McElroy is out for a National school of athletics, and, it is said, will get a bill introduced into Congress providing for such an institution. It seems hardly necessary to remark that athletic interests are already so broadly national that they will assure their own future and the future of the American race without such Government paternalism as Mr. McElroy thinks would be proper.

The Police Commissioners mean to be kindly considerate. Because a fair Harlem girl is heart-snatched over an uptown round-nose who is already married they transfer the officer to another precinct, far away. But, ah, me! There are pretty girls all over town, and where shall such a figure of a round-nose be safe?

An eleven-year-old boy attempted suicide by jumping into the North River last night. It is too much to hope that his cold plunge will have any effect on the taste for cigarettes and dune notes to which his state of mind is attributed.

Our Exile laws should so frame as to recognize the various customs of our mixed population. They should be drawn with a liberal consideration for the conditions of the time and the people.

A man in an almshouse near Wilkes-barre is still in a sleep which has nearly lasted thirteen months. He is losing a good deal of time, but at least he is safe from the chill of winter.

Wanted the Best.
(From Judge.)

Statting His Wishes.
(From Judge.)
"Well, sir, what can I do for you this morning?" said Mr. Reddick, in young Bailey entered his counting-room.
"I want your consent to my engagement," said young Bailey, looking up at Mr. Reddick and I love her and want to marry her."
"Indeed?" said the father. "Anything else?"
"Well, sir, I don't want to be a poor man," said young Bailey, "but I don't want to be a rich man either. I want to be a man of property."

Art Note.
(From Judge.)
"What's that pencil for?" inquired Mrs. Sharpe of her daughter.
"For penciling eyebrows," responded the daughter.

Literary Note.
(From Judge.)
Friend—How about your poem, Charley, getting on with it?
"Charley—Oh, yes; I expect to finish it in a day or two."
Friend—That's good; and to what paper will you send it first?

The Game Must Have Been High.
(From Judge.)
Wife—John, I want ten dollars.
"Husband—Martha, I'm sorry to say that I haven't that amount today."
Wife—John Henderson, I don't believe you sat up with another sick man last night.

MISS HASSELL'S STORY STANDS.
Her Evidence Against Park Police-Man McNulty Unshaken.
The trial of Andrew J. McNulty, the park policeman, who is charged with having criminally assaulted Miss Marie Hassell in the carriage for women in Central Park on the night of Nov. 21 last, was resumed this morning before Judge Cowing in General Sessions. McNulty's "story," which was the subject of the trial, was re-examined today by Attorney Grant for the defense. Her testimony was unshaken.

UNDER HAPPY RULE.

Well Managed Husbands Not Necessarily Henpecked.

Women Tell of Households Lovingly Controlled.

"Evening World" Women Readers Reveal Administrative Secrets.

The tenor of the letters published in these columns is to show that American household is most to be the happiest in the world. The loyalty, devotion, loveableness of American wives shine from their written pages with a glow that warms the cockles of the human heart and stimulates one's faith in the race. Letters come to the editor by hundreds. All will be considered in awarding the prize, though necessarily but few can be printed. The contest is governed by the following: **CONDITIONS.**

THE EVENING WORLD will give a double prize to the woman who shows best "HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have no signature, and must not necessarily be published, and be directed to HUBBARD, EDITOR, EVENING WORLD, PUBLISHER, BUILDING.

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SPORTING NEWS AND NOTES.

Is Peter Maher Travelling on a "Bluff" Reputation?

Preparing for the Forty-seventh Regiment Games in Brooklyn.

Talk is about the cheapest thing in the market, and the management of Peter Maher, the Irish pugilist, has been drawing upon the stock rather liberally of late. Billy Madden brought Peter Maher over here from Ireland several months ago and gave people to understand that the Irishman would astonish them with his prowess. The public has been astonished all right enough, but not by Mr. Maher's prowess. His fame, so far as it has been able to be, has been in the fact that Mr. Maher has been allowed to fight in the world's most famous pugilistic arena, the Madison Square Garden. When Maher was brought over here, he was a lot of bluff and nothing but a bluff against some of the top-toppers, which, it is now supposed, was induced in for advertising purposes. Maher had a chance at Joe Choynski, but the match wasn't made. Apparently Maher is still afraid to let his fists be put to the test of a good fighter or else he is satisfied to continue exhibiting him before the public on his "newspaper" reputation.

Whether Maher is a first-grade man or not is a question. He has shown some ability, but Madden has not given him a fair chance. He has been allowed to fight in the world's most famous pugilistic arena, the Madison Square Garden. When Maher was brought over here, he was a lot of bluff and nothing but a bluff against some of the top-toppers, which, it is now supposed, was induced in for advertising purposes. Maher had a chance at Joe Choynski, but the match wasn't made. Apparently Maher is still afraid to let his fists be put to the test of a good fighter or else he is satisfied to continue exhibiting him before the public on his "newspaper" reputation.

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CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

"The Queen's Mate" at the Harlem Opera-House.

Modjeska as "Countess Rudine"—Other New Bills.

"Evangelina," the good old burlesque that people always seem to want to see, began a week's engagement at Niblo's Garden last night. It may best be described as a happy combination of girl and glitter. If it is necessary to describe it at all, at this very advanced stage of its existence, James S. Stout, who created the part, many years ago, appeared as the Lone Fisherman, and the cast also included Hilda Thomas, Ruth Davenport, Richard Harlow, Estelle Clinton, and George A. Schiller.

The burlesque opera company was the attraction last night at Hammerstein's Harlem Opera-House. The opera was "The Queen's Mate," that enjoyed a run some seasons ago at the Broadway Theatre, when Lillian Russell and Camille D'Arville were in the cast. The organization at present includes Helen Hertram, who has a very pretty voice; Bettina Grant, who has made good progress since she made her debut not very long ago; and a very good orchestra.

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GEBHARD TAKES BICHLORIDE.

Established as a Patient of the Keely Institute.

Mrs. Langtry's Friend Begins the Struggle With the Drink Habit.

It was a very serious case. Gebhard, a man of about thirty years of age, had been taking the bichloride of gold treatment for the drink habit at the Keely Institute here. His sister and friends had been anxiously awaiting him here for several days.

He made his appearance here yesterday afternoon and without further delay placed himself under the care of Dr. Haynor, the physician in charge.

Dr. Haynor this morning declined to say anything about his new patient. An Evening World reporter learned, however, this morning that Gebhard received the first "jab" as the patients term the hypodermic injection of bichloride of gold, shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

For the present, at least, Mr. Gebhard will not visit the Keely Institute and get "jabbed" with the other patients. He has a suit of very comfortable rooms at the Bronx House, and it was there he received the first treatment.

After his first hypodermic injection Mr. Gebhard was given a four-ounce bottle of whisky, which he drank as much as he wanted of it, but that it was to last him until 7:30 p. m., when he received the second "jab" and another four-ounce bottle of whisky, which he also drank as much as he wanted of it.

He awoke this morning feeling somewhat shaky, but after a "jab" at 8 o'clock he was feeling better, and when Dr. Haynor visited him at noon he said he was feeling fine.

His cousin, Mr. W. E. D. Vyse, and his friend, Mr. Langtry, who is a well-known actor, have been visiting him here.

Mr. Gebhard has ordered three of his horses brought here.

His daily routine will consist of hypodermic injections of bichloride of gold at 8 a. m., 12 m., 5:30 and 7 p. m., with doses of a tonic every two hours.

He will be given much whisky furnished him as he requires, but it is not expected that he will ask for any more than a week's treatment.

At the end of the week, it is expected that he will be able to leave the institute and return to his home.

At a meeting of the Police Board yesterday the following roundsmen were made sergeants:

Adolph G. Haastlacher, of the East Twenty-second street station.

George C. Liebers, of the Prince street station.

James Kane, of the Jefferson Market station.

Thomas J. Flannery, of the Steuben station.

Patrick H. Marron, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Daniel Wall, of the West Thirty-seventh street.

Policeman Masterson, of the oak street station, was captured Henry G. Dowd while cutting a man's throat in James street Sunday morning, was promoted to be roundsman as a reward of merit.

The sergeants were assigned today as follows:

Sergeant Haastlacher to the Twenty-first Precinct.

Sergeant Liebers to the First Precinct.

Sergeant Kane to the Fifth Precinct.

Sergeant Flannery to the Sixth Precinct.

Sergeant Marron to the Seventh Precinct.

Sergeant Wall to the Eighth Precinct.

Sergeant Masterson to the Ninth Precinct.

SUFFOCATED AMID FLAMES.

Mrs. Hogan Dead and Her Little Daughter Nellie Dying.

Left in Their Bed at a Fire on Upper Third Avenue.

One woman dead, suffocated in her bed-chamber by smoke, and a little girl of twelve years probably dying in the Harlem Hospital of her burns, is the result of a fire with the elements of incendiarism, which broke out about 5:40 o'clock this morning in the cellar of the three-story frame house 2777 Third avenue.

Mrs. Ellen Hogan, a widow fifty-three years old, occupying the top floor of the dwelling, was suffocated in her own bed, and her youngest child, Nellie, twelve years old, who shared the same couch, was rescued barely in time to be taken to the Harlem Hospital, where she is now lying in an extremely critical condition in the Harlem Hospital.

Only the two upper stories of the building are used for housekeeping. The ground floor is utilized by Marcus Flanter as a clothing and hat store. Flanter and his son Martin sleep in a small room in the rear of the store, which is separated from their bedroom by a thin paper-covered partition.

At 5:45 this morning Policeman William Keuhne, of the Morrisania Precinct, was on his way to the station-house in citizen's clothes when he discovered smoke rolling out in great banks from the basement beneath Flanter's store.

Keuhne ran at once to Engine 41's house, a block north on Third avenue, and gave the alarm. When the firemen reached the burning dwelling the flames were crackling furiously in the hallways, and threatened to give the firemen a lively siege, as the house was built entirely of wood and dry as tinder from age.

Presently a bystander shouted in horror, "Look! Look! My God! Old man Flanter and his boy are asleep in that back room."

Keuhne ran to the rear of the store, which extends to Courtlandt avenue, and smashed in the windows with his nightstick.

At the same time the older fireman rushed frantically from his place, through the front door followed a moment later by his son Marcus.

Neither had time to dress themselves, and they were clad only in their undershirts. In the mean while the fire had become given to the occupants of the upper floors.

The firemen had quickly reached the flames in the basement, and they did not extend beyond that point. But the dense, choking smoke filled the hallways and drove to the highest elevation in the house.

There were no open skylights for the smoke to pass out of, and the firemen were unable to get in. The fire was so intense that the night was rainy and every window was closed.

Old Mrs. Hogan and her child slept in a middle room, a sort of blind room, between the front and the back room. The fire had reached the middle room, and the firemen were unable to get in.

She opened the bedroom door, which led to the sitting-room to ventilate her chamber. The fire had reached the sitting-room, and the firemen were unable to get in.

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